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HAIL TO THE DEAN!

Today let us examine that much maligned, widely misunderstood, grossly overworked, wholly dedicated campus figure—the dean.

The dean (from the Latin *Deanere*—to expel) is not, as many think, primarily a disciplinary officer. He is a counselor and guide, a haven and refuge for the troubled student. The dean (from the Greek *Deanos*—to skewer) is characterized chiefly by sympathy, wisdom, patience, forbearance, and a fondness for homely pleasures like community singing, farina, spelldowns, and Marlboro Cigarettes. The dean (from the German *Deangemacht*—to poop a party) is fond of Marlboros for the same reason that all men of good will are fond of Marlboros—because Marlboro is an *honest* cigarette. Those good Marlboro tobaccos are honestly good, honestly aged to the peak of perfection, honestly blended for the best of all possible flavors. Marlboro honestly comes in two different containers—a soft pack which is honestly soft and a Flip-Top box which honestly flips. You too will flip when next you try an honest Marlboro, which, one honestly hopes, will be soon.

But I digress. We were learning how a dean helps poor, troubled undergraduates. To illustrate, let us take a typical case from the files of Dean S . . . . . of the University of Y . . . . . (Oh, why be so mysterious? The dean's name is Sigafoos and the University is Yutah.)

Wise, kindly Dean Sigafoos was visited one day by a freshman named Walter Aguincourt who came to ask permission to marry one Emma Blenheim, his dormitory laundress. To the dean the marriage seemed ill-advised, for Walter was only 18 years old and Emma was 91. Walter agreed with the dean, but said he felt obligated to go through with it because Emma had invested her life savings in a transparent rainhood to protect her from the mist at Niagara Falls, where they planned to spend their honeymoon. If Walter called off the wedding, what use would the poor woman possibly have for a rainhood in Yutah? The wise, kindly dean pondered briefly and came up with a brilliant answer: let Walter punch holes in the back of Emma's steam iron. With steam billowing back at the old lady, she would find a rainhood very useful—possibly even *essential*.

Whimpering with gratitude, Walter kissed the dean's Phi Beta Kappa key and hastened away to follow his advice—and the results, I am pleased to report, were madly successful.

Today Emma is a happy woman—singing lustily, wearing her rainhood, eating soft-center chocolates, and ironing clothes . . . twice as happy, to be candid, than if she had married Walter . . . And what of Walter? He is happy too. Freed from his unwanted liaison with Emma, he married a girl much nearer his own age—Agnes Yucca, 72. Walter is now the proud father—stepfather, to be perfectly accurate—of three fine, healthy, boys from Agnes's first marriage—Everett, 38; Wilhelm, 43; and Irving, 55—and when Walter puts the boys on a lead and takes them for a stroll in the park on Sunday afternoon, you may be sure there is not a dry eye in Yutah.

And Dean Sigafoos? He too is happy—happy to spend long, tiring hours in his little office, giving counsel without stint and without complaint, doing his bit to set the young, uncertain feet of his charges on the path to a brighter tomorrow.

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We don't say Marlboro is the dean of filter cigarettes, but we're sure it's at the head of the class. Get some soon—wherever cigarettes are sold in all fifty states of the Union.

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